

MAC GREGOR ARUARO.
*A Favourite Old Scots Song
 Set for the Piano Forte, Voice or Guitar*

Price

6d

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 Scots Music &c. All kinds of Instruments Lent out & Sold, at the above Ware House.

Largo

From the chase in the Mountain, as I was re-turning By the side of a

foun-tain Mal-rina set mourning; To the winds that loud whiffl'd, she told her sad

story; And the vallies re-echoed Mac Gregor A-ruaro.

(2)

Like a flash of red light'ning, o'er the heath came Macara,
 More fleet than the roe buck on the lofty Beinn-Jara.
 Oh where is MacGregor, say where does he hover.
 You son of bold Calmar, why tarries my lover.

(3)

Then the voice of soft sorrow, from his bosom thus sounded,
 Low lies your MacGregor, pale mang'd and wounded.
 Overcome with deep flamber, to the rock I convey'd him,
 Where the fangs of black malice to his foes have betray'd him.

(4)

As the blast from the mountain soon alips the fresh bloom,
 So died the fair bud of fond hope in her bosom.
 MacGregor! MacGregor! loud echo refounded,
 And the hills rung in pity. MacGregor is wounded.

(5)

Near the brook in the valley, the green turf did hide her,
 And they laid down MacGregor sound sleeping beside her,
 Secure is their dwelling from foes and black flander;
 Near the roaring load waters their spirits oft wander.

For the German Flute.

Largo

Song.
S. p.